

LONDON TODAY—AFTER YEAR OF WAR; HOW WORLD'S BIGGEST CITY THINKS AND ACTS

BY MARY BOYLE O'REILLY

London, July 12.—After a year of war the Strand and Piccadilly are apparently unchanged. But become one with the crowd on the pavement and

No newsboy shouts the latest flash from the front. There is no need. During each instant of every day England thinks, lives and suffers the war.

Corrosive anxiety checked by a self control more touching than tears has made the once complacent Britishers less "British." Both the classes and the masses now feel the bond of a common brotherhood.

Down the sunlit street drifts the music of an advancing band.

An old gentleman seeking his cautious way across the traffic takes ref-



"An old gentleman removes his hat as the Terriers pass."

the sense of subtle difference is convincing.

There are noticeably fewer motor cars, the dress of women is far quieter and more practical, middle-aged men march about with new alertness, wearing war service shoes, and fully half the younger men are in khaki. These are merely the outward signs.

More significant symptoms of fundamental change are shown in a hundred different ways. The new deference toward women and weakness, a tendency to silent comradeship, that second look and half smile which indicates instant understanding.



"Six wounded men in khaki, having tea, assisted by a pretty nurse, grin cheerfully."

uge on an "island." The marching men swing past him, rank on rank of young, young faces, lean and brown. The heavy kits prove this is no practice march — they are Terriers